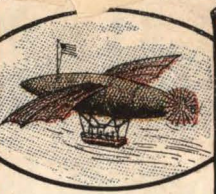


# FRANK



# READE

## WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Containing Stories of Adventures on Land, Sea & in the Air.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, 1902, by Frank Tousey.

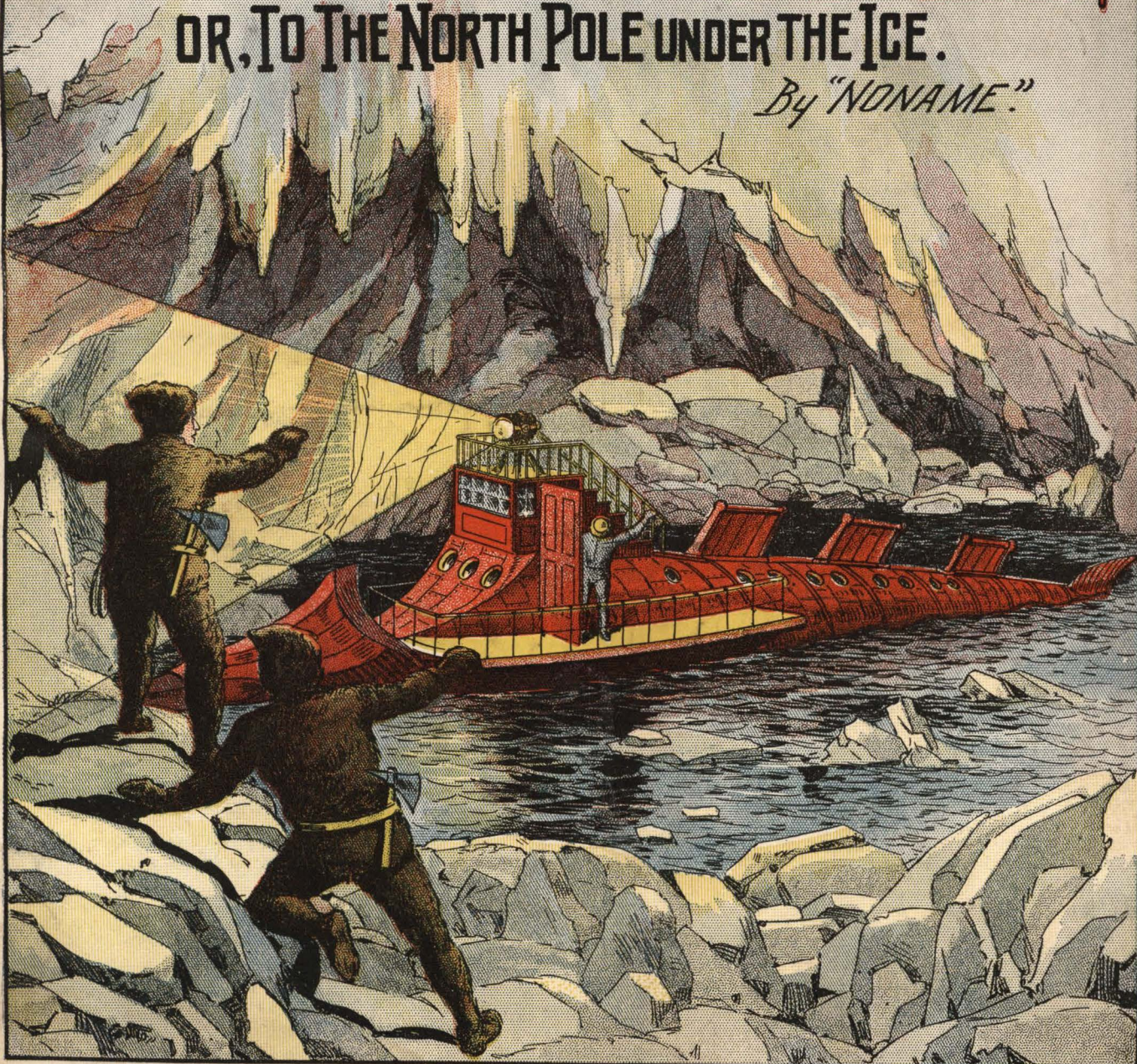
No. 2.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

# FRANK READE, JR.'S SUBMARINE BOAT "THE EXPLORER"; OR, TO THE NORTH POLE UNDER THE ICE.

By "NONAME."



A great cry went up from the two lost explorers. "Whurroo!" shouted Barney, "it's the Explorer, as sure as I'm a Tipperary man, misther Frank." "The Explorer!" gasped Frank, "but how on earth did it get here?"



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## Frank Reade, Jr.'s, Submarine Boat "The Explorer"

OR,

## TO THE NORTH POLE UNDER THE ICE.

By "NONAME."

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE NEW INVENTION.

A report had gained extensive circulation that Frank Reade, Jr., of Readestown, U. S. A., had brought out a new invention.

This rumor spread far and wide, and created tremendous excitement.

Everybody to-day is deeply interested in the marvelous mechanical productions of this young prince of invention.

The son of Frank Reade, himself a noted inventor, Frank Reade, Jr., came honestly by his talent.

Almost a boy in years, the young inventor occupies a place in the annals of fame much to be envied by any of our progressive American youths.

Tall, handsome and affable, he was a conspicuous figure anywhere, and always popular.

Readestown was a handsome little town, merging into a city, and founded by the senior Reade.

Here Frank Reade, Jr., had established his shops and machine works for the special construction of his inventions.

But, as the opening lines of our story intimates, Frank Reade, Jr., had produced a new invention.

Yielding to inquiry, Frank Reade, Jr., vouchsafed the information that it was not like any previous inventions.

The electric air-ship had played its part, but this time Frank had decided upon a radical departure from his previous effort.

"And is it true, Mr. Reade," asked a neighbor and friend, "that you will take Barney and Pomp with you upon this projected new trip of yours?"

"It is," replied Frank, with a smile. "Indeed, I could ill afford to spare two such faithful fellows."

As it happened the parties mentioned stood by and within hearing.

One was a powerful black, short and sturdy, with a genial countenance.

The other was a genuine full-bred Celt, with broad mug and shrewd twinkling blue eyes, and hair as red as the glow of an autumn sunset.

"Begorra, I knew well Misther Frank wud niver lave me at home!" cried Barney, with a comical grimace; "there's the naygur, shure it moight be him!"

"Don' yo' flattah yo'sef, yo' big I'ish chump," returned Pomp, politely. "I jes' reckon Marse Frank pay mo' 'tention to me dan he eber do fo' yo'."

"Hurroo! Wud ye hear ther Afrikan talk!" cried Bar-



ney, derisively. "Shure, ye'd think Misther Frank cudn't invint widout him!"

"I jes' reckon dat de man wha' invented yo' neber did no mo' wo'k," retorted Pomp.

"To be shure av that, naygur," replied Barney, "'twas so good an' foine a job he niver cud betther it."

Everybody laughed at this.

Barney and Pomp were always digging at each other, though really the warmest of friends.

"Well, Frank," continued the neighbor, "when will you reveal to your friends the nature of your new invention?"

"Now," replied Frank, with a smile.

"Indeed?"

"I mean it."

The neighbor was surprised.

"What may it be, then? A new kind of flying machine?"

"No," replied Frank quietly, "it is far different from that. It is nothing more than a submarine boat."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes."

"Where will you go with a submarine boat?"

"To the North Pole."

"Under water?"

"Exactly. As yet nobody has succeeded in reaching that coveted point. Now, I propose to attempt it in a novel manner. If I cannot get there over the ice, I shall go there under it."

His listener was astounded.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, with a deep whistle, "that beats me!"

"If you will step this way I will be glad to show you the new boat!"

"Of course I will."

The neighbor, whose name was Alexander Harmon, followed Frank through the big gate.

Across the broad yard they went to the high arched door of a long brick building or store house.

Frank threw open these doors.

Harmon beheld a wonderful sight.

There upon stocks was the submarine boat.

In all his life Harmon had never seen the like.

He had been a sea captain once himself, and knew the lines of a boat well.

But he had never seen anything more beautiful than this.

"Upon my word, Frank," he exclaimed, "you have out-done yourself!"

"I think the Explorer is built on good lines," said Frank, modestly.

"You are just right."

The Explorer, which was the name given the submarine

boat, was a long, cylindrical craft, with a sheer-pointed bow carrying a huge steel ram on the end, shaped like a knife.

"The hull is of solid steel," said Frank. "But, though strong and tough, not too heavy."

The submarine vessel tapered off in the stern to the shape of a fish, while upon the shelving deck or whale-like back were fins or plates of steel.

"The fins keep the boat steady under water," said Frank.

A platform, with a railing extended along each side of the craft, with a gang-ladder leading up to the hurricane deck and pilot-house, which was upon the vessel's bow.

Here a searchlight was placed.

"Step into the pilot-house," said Frank, "and I will endeavor to explain to you how the boat's machinery works."

Harmon at once complied.

Frank closed the door behind him.

They were in a sort of vestibule made of plates of steel with a curious shaped pump and lines of hose visible.

"When the boat is submerged," said Frank, explanatively, "and we wish to go out upon deck, we simply step from the pilot-house into the vestibule, closing the doors. The water is then let in and we open the door and walk out. When we come in we enter this vestibule, close the door, and the water is pumped out. Then we can go back into the pilot-house safely."

Harmon looked astonished.

"Ah, yes!" he cried, "but please explain how you can walk out on the deck while the boat is under water."

Frank smiled.

"There are diving suits," he said, pointing to several hanging up. "We put those on. The knapsack on the back is the storage reservoir for chemically manufactured air, which keeps us supplied for hours under water."

They passed now into the pilot-house.

Here were the steering apparatus and the nautical instruments common to all vessels.

The trimmings and fitting of the boat were superb.

From the pilot-house they descended into the cabin.

This was a long compartment elegantly furnished with the finest of appointments.

Staterooms adjoined and electric lights were upon every hand.

A door led out into a vestibule as from the pilot-house and thence to the railed platforms.

Bull's-eye windows were seven in number on each side of the vessel.

"But how do you make the vessel sink?" asked Harmon.

Frank led the way down in the vessel's hold.

"Here are the dynamo rooms," he said. "All the electrical machinery is here. Just aft there are large chambers



which we fill with water when we wish to sink, and when we wish to rise the water is expelled in a few seconds by the action of compressed air."

A few minor points were explained by Frank, and then the inspection ended.

"Wonderful, indeed," agreed Harmon, as they finally emerged into the yard once more. "I have never seen or heard of its like. It is all ready to launch, I suppose?"

"Perfectly."

Just back of the building was a deep basin of water, connected with the river by a canal.

Large doors could be thrown open and the Explorer quickly launched upon the waters of the basin.

"When will you make your start for the North Pole?" asked Harmon.

"To-morrow," replied Frank. "The launch will occur at nine o'clock."

"All Readestown will be present."

"I shall be pleased."

"Ah!" said Harmon, with a sigh, "that recalls to my mind, Frank, that barely five years ago my brave boy Roger met his fate in that awful icy waste. May I ask of you a favor?"

"Certainly."

"If you can find his bones there will you bring them home to his sorrow-stricken father?"

"Of course I will!"

"God bless you!"

Frank knew that Alexander Harmon had set his life upon his handsome son, Roger.

He knew well the story of the lad's fate.

He had gone to the Arctic on a two years' whaling cruise with his uncle Ezra Barton, in the ship Solitaire.

One day while out in the whale boat with four of the sailors Roger Harmon had lost the ship.

A fog shutting down prevented his finding his way back.

That was the last seen of Roger Harmon and his companions.

All efforts were of no avail.

Five years had passed.

He had not returned, and his father had given him up.

Frank knew this story well.

"Let me give you a ray of hope, Mr. Harmon," he said, with feeling. "I may be able to find your son alive."

But the old man shook his head.

He did not credit that.

"Five years have gone!" he said.

"Ah, but that is nothing," declared Frank. "In that mighty unexplored wilderness he might be ten years in getting back to civilization."

Far and near had spread the report that the Explorer was to be launched upon the following day.

At the appointed hour a great crowd was on hand.

Frank's only companions and crew on board the Explorer were Barney and Pomp.

He took a fond farewell of his wife, and stepped upon the deck of the submarine ship.

Then he gave the sign to the workmen.

## CHAPTER II.

### NORTHWARD BOUND.

The stays were knocked away, and the submarine boat shot down the ways.

Into the waters of the basin she plunged and floated.

A handsome craft she was, revealed to the gaze of the interested spectators.

Cannon boomed and the people cheered.

It was a great day for Readestown.

Frank waved the United States flag and Barney in the pilot-house set the course of the Explorer out into the river.

First, however, the Explorer was allowed to plunge beneath the waters as an experiment and an exhibition.

She was a success in every point of view.

Down the river she glided and soon left Readestown far behind.

The course to the sea was uneventful, and we will pass over a lapse of time to find the Explorer forging along at a rapid rate of speed through the Atlantic off the coast of Newfoundland.

Barney managed affairs in the pilot-house.

Frank looked after the chemical air supply reservoirs and the electrical apparatus.

Pomp, of course, was the master of the culinary department.

But the ducky was well qualified in other branches, and was ever ready to relieve Barney or Frank either.

The Explorer was a fast sailor, and cut her way through the waves at the rate of twenty knots an hour.

Many sailing craft were encountered, and all were seemingly amazed at sight of the curious boat.

One day a terrific storm came up.

The waves ran mountain high, and the wind blew terrifically.

An ordinary vessel would have had enough to do to live in such a sea.



The Explorer was a fine sea boat.

But Frank Reade, Jr., did not like the idea of being tossed about so violently.

"Open the air-chamber, Barney!" he cried. "We've had enough of this!"

"All roight, sor!" cried the Celt.

He proceeded to obey with alacrity.

The Explorer instantly sank.

The water was not more than fifty fathoms deep here, but as the submarine boat touched the bottom not a particle of the rude storm going on above could be felt.

The search-light was turned on, and a startling sight was revealed.

All about was smooth, white sand, and deeply buried in this, not one hundred feet distant, was the dismantled hull of a vessel.

"'Clar to goodness!" cried Pomp. "Does yo' see dat, Marse Frank?"

"Ah, there are many such monuments as that in these waters!" said Frank. "These are the fishing banks, and just such storms as the one going on above have sent many a craft to the bottom!"

"Begorra, that don't luk much loike a fishing vessel, sor!" said Barney.

Touching a lever, Frank caused the Explorer to glide forward a little ways.

The search-light was full upon the wreck, and every detail of the craft could be plainly followed.

Frank saw that Barney was right.

The craft was far from being like that of the fishermen.

Its queer shaped hull and high decks fore and aft showed it to be of the Spanish galleon type.

There was no doubt but that this was an old-time ship which had lain here perhaps for a century.

Frank was at once interested.

"Well, here is a find!" he cried; "for aught we know this may be one of the treasure ships!"

"Massy sakes! Jes' let dis chile git on him armor!" cried Pomp. "I done fink dat I laik fo' to visit dat ship!"

"Begorra, I'll sthay an' watch out fer sharks if yez want to go," said Barney to Frank.

The young inventor very quickly made up his mind

"Upon my word I'll do it!" he cried. "Get ready, Pomp. Perhaps we'll make a find."

The darky was delighted with the prospect.

He was quickly ready.

Going into the vestibule both put on their diving suits.

Then Frank turned a cock and the compartment began to fill up with water.

The storage reservoirs on their backs began to work, keeping up a current of wholesome oxygen.

Frank opened the door and stepped out upon the platform.

It required a few moments for them to get used to the tremendous pressure of the water.

Then Frank began to descend the gang ladder.

Pomp followed him.

Soon they reached the bed of the ocean and stood upon the white sands.

Barney in the pilot-house watched them.

Frank started for the wreck and Pomp followed behind.

Both had axes in their belts and long knives.

These latter were for use in case they were attacked by a shark or any sea monster of that ilk.

Frank saw that the hull of the vessel was literally covered with seaweed and debris.

However, he was able with the aid of the electric light upon his helmet to read the name upon the stern:

"Donna Isabella."

"It is a Spanish ship!" thought Frank. "She will be worth exploring."

He clambered upon the deck.

The hatch was open and Frank saw crumbling stairs leading down into the cabin.

Pomp followed Frank as he descended into the place.

Their lamps illuminated the cabin, which was seen to be luxuriously furnished.

But this was in the style of a century past.

The furniture and appointments of the cabin were remarkably well preserved.

But there was no sign of human remains to be seen anywhere.

In the lapse of time, however, since the vessel had been consigned to this resting place, the remains of the doomed crew could have been utterly effaced.

There was no doubt that this was the case.

Pomp picked up a rust eaten fragment of a sword handle from the cabin table.

A few pieces of money also lay thereon.

They were gold doubloons and perfectly well preserved.

Passing through the cabin, Frank went into the galley.

From there he went forward through what was evidently the ship's magazine.

Here he pushed open a door, the locks of which had rusted.

A square compartment was seen, and a number of steel and brass boxes lay piled one upon the other.

This was the treasure chamber of the ship.



It required but a slight blow with the ax to batter off the lid of the first box.

Frank had looked for a heap of gold and silver.

But the chest was empty.

Likewise was the next.

Only one out of the whole contained anything, and this was half full of gold coins.

It contained perhaps four or five thousand dollars' worth of gold coin. However, this was better than nothing.

While it could not be said that a great treasure had been found, yet Frank was well satisfied.

Nothing more of value was found aboard the ship.

The young inventor, with Pomp's aid, carried the chest of gold out of the hull.

It was quite a heavy lift, but they succeeded in carrying it to the platform on the side of the Explorer, when a startling thing happened.

Suddenly Pomp made a frantic gesture.

At the same moment Frank saw a dark object coming through the water from above.

As it dropped upon the bottom and into the full glare of the search-light, the young inventor was astounded.

It was a human being.

A man in sailor's garb it was.

He was, gasping and apparently drowning before their eyes.

"My God!" thought Frank, with horror. "He must be saved!"

With the young inventor to think was to act.

He leaped down upon the sands and rushed to the man's side.

In a twinkling, with Pomp's aid, he was carried over the rail and into the vestibule.

Frank pulled the compressed air valve and the water was quickly pumped out of the compartment.

The man lay limp and helpless in Frank's arms.

He was apparently dead.

But the young inventor knew that prompt action might save him.

Accordingly, he adopted every known method for bringing the victim to.

With Pomp's aid the fellow was worked over until Frank detected a beat in the heart and brought a sigh from the white lips.

"Golly, we'se gwine to fetch him out ob it, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp, excitedly.

They took occasion now to remove their diving suits.

Then the half drowned man was put into a warm bunk, and in half an hour was able to tell his story.

He opened his eyes and looked about, somewhat dazed at his surroundings.

"W—where am I?" he muttered, in a bewildered way.

"You're all right, my friend," cried Frank. "You're on board the Explorer, a submarine boat."

"Thunder!" gasped the astonished sailor. "Did you pull me out of the water?"

"Yes."

"But I thought I went down."

"You did go down. We picked you up from the bottom."

The sailor looked astonished.

He was recovering quickly. In a few moments he was able to rise.

"You don't mean to tell me that we're on the bottom of the ocean this minute?"

"That is true."

A more astonished person was never seen. He went to one of the bull's-eyes and looked out.

"Well, I'll take my 'davy!" he cried. "You weren't born to be drowned, Matt Williams, and that's sure. Who'd ever have dreamed of a thing like this?"

Then he saw the inquiring faces of his rescuers, and said:

"Well, friends, I suppose you would like my story. I will tell it to you, and you will agree it is a queer one."

With this, Matt Williams dropped into a chair.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THWARTING A GANG OF VILLAINS.

Barney and Pomp and Frank Reade, Jr., sat opposite.

They were much interested.

They could see now that Williams, though a sailor, was a handsome and well-bred man.

He told his story in a succinct and interesting way.

"I belong in St. Johns," he said, explanatively. "I live with my uncle, Peter Davison, a very wealthy man. There are three cousins of us—myself, Pete Clifford and Jim Mason.

"Now my uncle don't like Peter nor Jim very well. But he supports them on account of the relationship.

"In some way Pete and Jim learned that Uncle Peter had made a will and left the most of his property to me. This made my cousins very angry.

"They became determined that I should not have the money. So they planned to get me out with them upon my uncle's yacht, the Desdemona. Then they set upon me and threw me overboard. This is how I happen to be here just now!"



Frank Reade, Jr., listened to this thrilling narrative with the deepest interest.

"Then they meant to murder you?" he said.

"Certainly they did!"

"That is past belief!"

"But it is true nevertheless!"

"Your cousins are scoundrels!"

"That is what they are!"

"They will probably tell your uncle that you accidentally fell overboard."

"Just so! But, by hookey, I'm yet alive and I'll make things hot for them, or my name ain't Matt Williams!"

"Well," said Frank, heartily, "I hope you will, and I'll certainly help you all in my power."

"Will you?" cried Williams, eagerly.

"Yes."

"I'll never forget your kindness."

"Oh, that is all right!"

Williams looked about him and then rubbed his eyes.

"I feel as if I was in a dream," he cried. "All this looks very unreal to me. A submarine boat! It is a wonderful thing, truly."

Then he accompanied Frank about the Explorer on a tour of inspection.

He was highly delighted with what he saw.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Reade," he cried. "I'll let uncle's money go to the dogs if you will only let me accompany you on your wonderful trip to the Arctic."

Frank laughed pleasantly.

"That would not be profitable for either of us," he said.

"I advise you to go right home and face those who have wronged you. Do not spare them."

"But how am I to get home?"

"I will take you there."

"You will?"

"Yes. We are not far from St. Johns now, are we?"

"Not so very; perhaps fifty miles."

"Well, I will have you there before morning."

Frank now joined Barney and Pomp and the treasure rescued from the Spanish vessel was brought aboard.

Then Frank touched the spring which connected with the pumps.

The water began to rush from the air chambers, and the Explorer began to rise to the surface.

Once upon the surface Frank consulted the chart and set the course for St. Johns.

"I'll tell you what, Williams," he said. "We will overtake the yacht and you can be on hand to meet your cousins when they land."

"Good enough!" cried the Newfoundlander, excitedly.

Away through the water at a tremendously rapid pace flew the Explorer.

The rate of speed attained was something terrific.

Williams was delighted.

He spent the most of his time out upon the deck watching the sea line ahead.

Many vessels were met and passed. But the Desdemona was not seen until the shores of Newfoundland came into view.

Then Williams suddenly pointed to the north and cried:

"There she is! I know her rig!"

Sure enough, in the far distance could be seen the sails of a fine yacht sailing to the westward.

It was the Desdemona and she was making a fast course.

But the Explorer passed her far to the south and she was soon left a great distance behind.

Williams was overjoyed.

"Won't I turn the tables on the rascals when we reach St. Johns!" he cried, excitedly. "This is too good for anything."

Nearer drew the coast line.

Now the harbor was entered and the town could be seen.

At this point Frank went up to Williams and said:

"Suppose we put you ashore upon that point of land. You can find your way home all right enough, can't you?"

"Certainly!" replied Williams; "but won't you stop in the town for awhile?"

"I think not."

"I would like to have you meet my uncle. He would be glad to entertain my dear friend."

"I thank you!" replied Frank, sincerely, "but I have no doubt you will see wherein it would be inadvisable for me to stop. I have a long voyage to make; my stores are limited and so is my time."

"Enough!" cried Williams; "then I will thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"That is all right!"

"I only wish there was some other way in which I could express my gratitude."

"That is nothing."

The Explorer was run for the point of land.

Then Frank put overboard a small boat and Barney and Pomp set their passenger ashore.

Returning to the Explorer all waved Williams a farewell.

Then Frank raised the lever and set the Explorer under speed once more.

What was the result of all this they never knew.

It was fair to assume, however, that Williams confronted his rascally cousins in St. Johns, and consigned them to the punishment of the law.



This little episode had sufficed in a great measure to break the monotony of the trip.

Once more the Explorer was northward bound.

During the voyage Barney and Pomp had been in high feather.

It was needless to say that their spirits were of the kind that are seldom depressed.

One day Barney, feeling particularly mischievous, planned a clever practical joke upon Pomp.

The two faithful followers, while mutually the best of friends, were ever playing jokes upon each other.

Barney played the violin and Pomp the banjo.

The Celt had a rich baritone voice and sang with quaint melody many Irish ballads.

The ducky had a repertoire of plantation acts that were unsurpassed.

They were far to the northward and the Explorer was keeping a steady course, when one day Pomp, as he was sitting in the pilot-house, picked up his banjo and began to vamp upon it:

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber,  
Far, far away——"

"Howld on wid yer racket!" yelled Barney, putting his head in at the door. "Pwhat are yez afther givin' us, anyway?"

"Jes' yo' go on an' min' yo' own bizness, I'ish," retorted Pomp.

"Bejabbers, I will, av yez will quit throwin' chesnuts at us."

"Huh! don' yo' talk!"

"Begorra, av yez are goin' to sing give us something new loike this:

"Och, Pathrick, have yez heard  
The tale that's goin' round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law  
To grow on Irish ground.  
Shure, 'tis the most dejected counthry  
That I have ever seen,  
For they're hangin' men and women for  
The wearin' of the green.  
Oh, the wearin' of ther green;  
Shure, they're hangin'——"

The ballad came to a sudden and untimely end.

Pomp picked up a waste rag covered with oil.

It struck Barney flat between the eyes and nearly floored him. The Celt picked himself up to hear Pomp singing with great eclat:

"Ches'nuts, ches'nuts, nice an' hot,  
Jumpin' in de roastin' pot.  
Hit him hard an'——"

Barney let out a roar that drowned the concluding stanza and tumbled down into the cabin.

But he had not left the field yet.

Not much.

That genial son of Erin's Isle was not to be beaten so easily.

A daring plan had come into his head and he proceeded to execute it.

He had noticed that Pomp sat in an iron chair in the pilot-house.

This was with his back to the staircase which led down into the dynamo room.

Barney very quietly sneaked down the back stairs and into the dynamo room.

He procured a long coil of wire and connected it with one of the huge batteries.

Donning insulating gloves he carried the wire stealthily up the stairs until he crouched behind Pomp.

The ducky was vamping and singing away in boisterous fashion.

The Celt had the wire ready and quickly gave it a twist around one of the iron legs of the chair.

The result was tremendous.

Pomp let out a yell that could have been heard a mile away.

He grabbed the chair and that sealed his fate.

He could not let go.

Yells burst from his lips and he indulged in the wildest of contortions.

For a full minute he gave way to these sensations while the current lasted.

"Help! help! I'se done killed. Jes' sabe dis chile! De good Lor' hab massy on me!"

Like a veritable contortionist was the paralyzed ducky.

But his agony could not last forever.

His mad efforts to release himself caused the chair to break free from the wire.

Pomp was upon his feet and recovered himself to hear the mad peals of laughter from Barney below stairs.

To the Celt it was the funniest trick he had yet played on the ducky.

"Begorra, I got square wid yez that toime, naygur!" he roared.

Pomp was angry, but far too crestfallen to recover himself.



It had simply been a case of turn about for hitting Barney with the swab.

"I gits squar wid dat F'ishman if I has to try a yeah!" he muttered.

But he did not try it then, for he saw Frank Reade, Jr., coming across the deck.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A VISIT TO AN ICEBERG.

Frank came to the door of the pilot-house with an eager expression upon his face.

"Come out here, Barney and Pomp," he said. "We are pretty near the Arctic regions now."

"A'right, sah!" cried Pomp, as he tumbled out of the pilot-house.

Barney followed him.

There was no doubt but that they were getting into the cold latitudes, for the air was keen and biting.

Also to the northward there was visible a fleet of white icebergs.

It was a beautiful sight.

The voyagers gazed upon it for a while, when an idea suddenly occurred to Frank.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I'd like nothing better than to visit yonder berg. It would be well worth the while."

"Begorra, I'm wid ye, Misther Frank!" cried Barney.

"Huh! don' yo' flattah yo'self, F'ish. I done reckon Marse Frank take me along wid him."

"We will see about that!" said Frank. "Head for that big berg yonder, Barney."

"All roight, sor."

Barney went to the switchboard and set the Explorer's course for the distant berg.

Rapidly the berg drew nearer.

It was one of enormous size, seeming fully a half mile in length.

It was broken up into pinnacles and mighty peaks of clear, shining ice.

Truly in the sunlight it made a beautiful spectacle.

Frank and Barney went below and donned fur suits.

Pomp was ready to do the same, as they were now in latitudes sufficiently cold for that.

It had been decided that Pomp was to remain aboard the Explorer.

Frank and Barney were armed with rifles and carried axes in their belts. They also carried steel-tipped poles for climbing the ice cliffs.

Thus equipped they left the submarine boat.

This was done by running the boat close to a shelf of the berg, upon which the two explorers stepped.

"We will soon return," said Frank to Pomp. "Keep lookout for us."

"A'right, sah!" replied the dinky.

Then Frank and Barney struck into a crevice of the cliff through which they climbed to heights above.

This brought them, to their surprise, to the mouth of a wonderful cavern, which seemed to extend down into the heart of the berg, how far they knew not.

"Wonderful!" cried Frank, excitedly. "I have never seen anything more beautiful, Barney!"

"Shure, sor, there's nothin' short av Oireland loike this!" conceded Barney.

"What a tremendous cavern!"

"Ay, sor!"

"Upon my word, it looks somewhat as if something or somebody had inhabited it."

Frank made this statement in all seriousness. It certainly did look as if the cavern had been inhabited by some animal, or even human beings.

There seemed to be a well beaten path over the icy surface.

This extended into the cavern an indefinite way.

Frank was now interested.

He was determined to follow it.

Accordingly he thrust some fresh cartridges into the breech of his rifle and started into the cavern.

Barney followed him.

For some way they kept on. The path was plain and well worn. But as yet nothing had been seen of animal or human being.

The cavern was now enlarging into mighty arched chambers.

It was as light as day under those beautiful arches of ice, and truly a sight beautiful beyond description.

The ice assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, and the roof of the mighty cavern seemed supported by huge pillars.

"This is like a trip to Fairyland!" cried Frank, rapturously.

But suddenly Barney clutched him by the arm.

The Celt's face showed terror.

"Shure, sor, whatever is that?"

Frank felt a thrill of alarm.

A strange shock rang through the berg. This was followed by a distant terrible boom like thunder.

For a moment it seemed as if the berg was coming to pieces.

There seemed good cause for terror.



The two explorers were much alarmed.

But the sound died out, and all was again tranquil.

"Och, hone, I thought the berg was afther goin' to smash!" cried Barney. "Shure, sor, I reckon we'd better get out av here at wanst, sor!"

"Oh, no, I reckon it's all safe enough now," said Frank, lightly. "It was only the breaking off of some distant part of the berg. Let us go on once more."

With this the young inventor took a step forward.

But in that instant he felt something giving way beneath his feet, and heard a warning cry from Barney.

It was an awful cry of terror, and the young inventor made a desperate spring forward.

This was just in time.

He gained a firm footing and turned about with a thrill of horror to witness an awful sight.

A tremendous hole yawned at his feet.

Down this Barney had plunged with awful certainty of going to his death.

For a moment Frank Reade, Jr., did not move or speak, so overcome with horror was he.

Then he recovered from the lethargic spell upon him.

"My God!" he cried. "Barney, where are you? I hope you have not gone to death!"

But no answer came back.

All was silent.

There was a distant rumbling, roaring sound coming to the hearing of Frank Reade, Jr., from the depths.

That was all.

Frank, almost paralyzed with horror, crept to the verge of the abyss.

Leaning over the edge he peered down into the awful depths.

But his gaze could not go beyond a distance of twenty feet.

It seemed like a circular shaft, which extended in a crooked course down into the heart of the berg.

The top of this orifice must have been covered with a thin coating of ice and snow.

Barney's weight had been just enough to break this in.

A thousand terrible reflections coursed through Frank's mind.

He knew that Barney had fallen through this terrible shaft.

But whether he had gone to his death or not, of course he could not say.

Already in his terrified fancy he saw the Celt in the waters of the Arctic under the berg.

This, of course, if the shaft really extended down through

the berg. Of course there was a possibility that it did not. What was to be done?

It was of no use to go for help, for that was not to be obtained.

If he returned to the Explorer it would avail nothing, for the boat could not be left alone to allow of Pomp's returning to his assistance.

It was a terrible position.

Frank made sure of the stability of the orifice, and then lying flat upon his stomach shouted:

"Barney! Where are you? If you are alive and can hear me, answer!"

But no answer came back.

All was the stillness of the tomb.

Once Frank fancied that he heard a faint halloo. But he was not sure of it.

The young explorer arose to his feet sick and faint.

A groan escaped his lips.

"Well," he muttered, regretfully, "Barney is gone. Poor fellow! He was a faithful servant and I feel his loss much."

He turned away from the pit with a dull feeling about the heart.

But he would not yet wholly abandon hope.

He conceived the idea that Barney might have been carried into some other part of the berg, and would yet turn up all right and safe.

With this faint hope, Frank went from one passage to another, looking for a descending one.

But none seemed to exist.

In his excitement he did not take the pains to note just where his footsteps were carrying him.

From one passage to another he went in a frantic way.

Suddenly he came to a narrow opening between walls of ice.

A beaten path seemed to lead through this. But this fact Frank did not appear to notice.

He fancied that this passage might lead him into the berg deeper, so he made an effort and squeezed through.

The next moment he was sorry that he did so.

He came into a square chamber about fifteen feet square.

What looked at first like a heap of white snow lay in his path.

But on the instant it became animated, and Frank to his horror saw that it was alive.

It was really a mammoth specimen of the Polar bear.

The big brute sprang up with a low growl.

On the instant Frank saw that he was in for it.

He had advanced too far into the place, and as he rose



to his feet the bear was between him and the entrance. There was no retreat.

"By Jupiter!" gasped the young inventor. "I'm in for it!"

The bear was upon his hind legs and was uttering ferocious growls.

It was evident that he did not by any means like this intrusion into his domains.

Frank was not slow in assuming the aggressive.

He knew that the advantage would undoubtedly rest with the one who got at his work first.

Accordingly he instantly raised his gun and fired point blank at the bear.

The bullet struck the brute full upon the skull.

But unfortunately it struck in such a way that it could not penetrate the bone.

The bullet glanced from the bear's skull, inflicting a wound that only maddened the brute.

Before Frank could elevate the piece again the brute was upon him.

The rifle was dashed from his grasp like a straw, and he was hurled several feet away.

He was upon his feet just in time to meet the brute again with his ax in his hand.

But the brute's weight carried him back, though he rained blow after blow upon bruin's skull. The situation was a desperate one for Frank Reade, Jr.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN A BAD FIX.

Pomp, left alone on board the Explorer, was for a time exceedingly lonesome and given to ennui.

The ducky would much have preferred to have been with Frank upon the berg, despite the perils.

But he was never the one to grumble, however, at his master's orders.

Frank's word was always law with him and in this respect Pomp was an excellent servant.

Time passed and he did not hear anything of his companions.

Not a rifle shot came to his hearing to relieve his suspense.

"I done fink ~~it~~ am easy fo' folks to get lost on dat big iceberg," he muttered. "P'raps dat am why dey don' come back no mo'."

The ducky waxed uneasy.

Minutes seemed to him increased in length ten times.

Still he continued in the same state of suspense.

"It am drefful curus!" he muttered, after awhile. "don' seem fo' to undahstan' it at all."

Pomp walked the deck and kept a watch of the berg.

The Explorer lay in a small bay, and was surrounded upon three sides by high, mighty pinnacles and cliffs of ice.

Tiring after a while of watching for the non-returning absentees, Pomp went below.

He started a fire in his electric range and proceeded to cook some food.

"I reckon dey'll be a bit hungry when dey gets back!" he muttered. "I jes' fink Marse Frank will want suffin' to eat!"

The ducky was thus employed when a terrific thing happened.

Pomp's first intimation of anything wrong was a tremendous roar like a burst of thunder.

This caused the Explorer to nearly stand on end, and Pomp was tumbled upon his head.

"Golly fo' glory!" gasped the astounded ducky. "What ebber hab happened now? Fo' de Lor's sakes, dis chile done beliebe de worl' am gone to smash!"

The Explorer was pitching and tumbling about violently, and seemed in imminent danger of being totally wrecked.

As soon as he could recover himself, Pomp started for the deck.

As he emerged from the cabin, an astounding sight met his gaze.

Pomp stood with mouth agape and eyes distended.

"Fo' de good Lor's sake!" he gasped. "What am all dis?"

All around him and over him was ice, in a great ~~anal~~ or Not a sign of the sea or sky was to be had.

The Explorer was in the centre of a vast, high arched ice chamber, resting upon an inclosed lake, the waters of which were subsiding, after a spell of fearful commotion.

The ducky was struck dumb.

He was wholly at a loss to understand the transformation.

"Golly fo' glory, jiminy Christmas cracky, golly fo' gosh!" burst forth the rattled African. "Am dis chile in a dream, or am I a fo' suah loonatick?"

Pomp could not have sworn to either asseveration at that moment.

It was some moments before he fully recovered himself.

Then gradually an explanation of the affair began to creep over him.

"I jes' fink I see it all now!" he muttered. "De top of de berg hab jest broke on an' keeled right ober and covered dis chile up."



Pomp had hit it right.

This was the correct explanation.

The berg had toppled over, or, at least, this section of it had, and in such a manner as to enclose the Explorer in a hollow chamber.

This was the distant rumble and commotion heard by Barney and Frank as described in a previous chapter.

It was certainly a remarkable incident.

The Explorer was now in a peculiar position.

Had she been a surface boat it would certainly have looked as though she was doomed.

For there was no visible outlet from the place.

But there was a chance that by going to the bottom she would be able to find her way out from beneath the berg.

But an awful chill now struck Pomp as he thought of Frank and Barney.

"Massy sakes!" muttered the horrified darcy. "Wher-ebber am dem chillun, I'd jes' like fo' to know."

There could be no more logical conclusion to the darcy than that they had succumbed to death.

"Dat am a dreiful fmg!" he muttered. "What am dis chile to do?"

It was certainly a serious question.

But Pomp was a plucky darcy, and after the first shock was over he practically settled down to business.

He knew that the emergency demanded desperate measures.

"De fus' ting fo' dis chile to do, I reckon," he muttered, "am to git out from undah dis yer berg jes' as quick as ebber I can."

Accordingly Pomp went into the pilot-house.

Leani had first looked for an outlet through the berg.

This did not seem to exist.

Satisfied of this, Pomp turned the air-chamber lever.

In a moment the boat began to sink very rapidly.

Down it went until it touched the bottom of the ocean.

Then Pomp turned on the search-light.

The electric glare penetrated the black waters in every direction.

Pomp saw that the Explorer rested upon the bed of the sea.

Rocks and sand and sea plants were all about.

But the darcy also saw mighty furrows freshly made in the mud and earth of the bottom.

About were various silver-like pillars and columns of ice wedged hard in the earth.

Like a flash the truth dawned upon the startled darcy.

The iceberg had run aground, and this, no doubt, had caused it to shatter itself.

In this case the berg would no doubt remain stationary for a long time.

It was a thrilling position.

The darcy had a dubious feeling now about his chances of making his way into the outer sea.

Unless an opening large enough to admit of the passage of the Explorer was found this would be an impossibility.

It was a horrible chance to contemplate.

But the darcy did not give up hope.

He began at once to cautiously move the submarine boat about.

In vain he looked for an outlet from beneath the berg.

None seemed to exist.

Pomp felt desperate.

It looked as if the fate of the Explorer and its party was sealed.

The darcy, in his desperation, began to count the chances of making a run into the walls of ice which blocked his passage.

It seemed to him the only way to get out of his present predicament.

The Explorer's ram was a powerful one, and well calculated to cut its way through any field of ice.

The darcy, in his desperate state of mind, failed to foresee any disastrous consequences.

It only seemed to him as extremely necessary to get out of the ice trap.

Accordingly he selected a wall of ice beyond which he believed lay the open sea.

Then drawing the Explorer back full forty feet, Pomp set the ram for the ice wall.

The next moment the impact came.

It was tremendous, considering the distance allowed for momentum.

For a moment Pomp thought the world was coming to an end.

The ram drove a great hole into the ice wall, and gave the berg a shock, which seemed for a moment terrible in its results.

Tons of ice fell to the bed of the sea, the berg shifted its position full five feet, tearing up the bed of the ocean.

It was all over in a moment.

But Pomp was horrified at the position in which he had been left.

The Explorer was imbedded beneath a mighty cake of ice, which lay with crushing weight across the bow.

Only the wonderful strength of the steel shell had resisted the pressure and saved the boat from destruction.

The darcy was nearly prostrated with the shock.

It seemed as if his doom had overtaken him.



Could he have turned pale, it no doubt would have been a vast relief to him at that moment.

But he quickly recovered.

He was in a bad scrape, and now the idea was to pull out of it.

"Fo' de Lor's sake!" muttered the dazed darky, "I done fink I ought to know bettah than dat. Ob co'se de ice would fall an' it am jes' a libin' wondah dat dis chile amn't buried alibe!"

Indeed he was not so sure but that he was already.

Pomp started the electric engines.

But they would not move the submarine boat a peg.

There it lay wedged beneath the ice with full twenty fathoms of water above.

Again at any moment the berg was apt to shift its position and crush the boat like an eggshell.

Pomp saw his deadly peril, and his face wore an expression of fearful horror and anxiety.

"Fo' de Lor's sake what will become of Marse Frank now?" he wailed. "I'se done got into a fix I can't git out ob very well!"

The darky was frantic.

In vain he tried to conjure up a plan for extricating the boat.

And at the last moment, what seemed like a forlorn hope came to him.

He dashed down into the hold.

When he came up he carried a couple of jack-screws of very fine steel and great lifting power.

"I done fix dat big hunk ob ice now!" he muttered.

He quickly donned his diving suit.

Then he took the jack-screws and went into the vestibule.

It was but a moment's work to let on the water, and after the chamber had filled he emerged upon the deck.

Pomp descended to the bed of the ocean and approached the block of ice.

But, as he did so, what seemed like a huge mound of earth before him began to move.

Up it went, and the water began to move violently. Then Pomp saw the wide jaws of a monster fish.

In an instant a thrill of horror came over him.

It was a huge species of the sperm whale, and a blow from one of its flukes would kill him instantly.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LOST IN AN ICEBERG.

But what of Barney?

Had a cruel fate dragged him down to an awful death in the crevasse? As fortune would have it, he was spared.

But it was a close call.

Barney's sensations as he found himself falling were not of the pleasantest.

He made a valiant effort to save himself, but failed.

Down he shot.

How far he fell he had no means of knowing.

The descent was extremely winding, circuitous and abrupt.

He was bumped and jolted and nigh rendered unconscious.

Only the thickness of his fur suit saved him from serious hurts.

When he came to a stop he was up to the neck in a huge pile of snow.

About him were mighty walls of ice and a great basin of water, which he instantly judged to be a part of the sea, but quickly discovered his mistake.

He was far below the level of the sea. And the water was dripping from the berg inclosed in a basin impervious to any connection with the waters of the ocean.

Had it been, the entire chamber would have been filled with water.

And Barney O'Shea would have been a dead Irishman.

The Celt picked himself up.

"Bejabers, phwativer has happened to me now?" he cried. "Shure, it's nigh kilt I am."

He rubbed his bruises ruefully.

But he could not help congratulating himself upon his escape from what might have been an awful death.

"Shure it's down into the cinter av the berg I've fell," he muttered. "Phwereiver is Misther Frank, anyway?"

Then he opened his lungs.

Yell after yell he sent up.

But only the dull echoes answered.

Frank was too far distant for the sound to reach him.

After a time Barney desisted.

It was impossible to return the way that he came.

This he discovered quickly.

But what was to be done?

He had no desire or intention of remaining where he was.

A change of base was at once necessary and desirable.

"Shure it's no use I am in sthayin' around here," he muttered. "I'll be afther crawling out av this place."

He began to look around.

The waters of the basin were at his feet. He made his way around the basin.

This brought him to a remarkable spectacle.

He came in close proximity to a clear and transparent wall of ice.



Objects beyond it were as plainly visible as could be.

He experienced a thrill as he saw that this was only a remarkable sort of window through which he could look out into the waters of the ocean.

The waters of the sea were clear, and he could see the bottom plainly.

It was a most wonderful sight.

Barney saw various sea animals and fishes upon the bed of the sea.

It was an awful thing to think of.

Only the clear, transparent wall of the ice separated the chamber of the berg from the waters of the ocean.

Barney shivered as he reflected upon the possibility of that wall of ice breaking through and letting in the waters of the sea.

It would mean death to him.

This made the Celt feel a bit uncomfortable, and he began at once to look about for a way out of the place.

By the best good fortune he discovered an upward passage and at once took it.

It led upward, through various passages, and at times Barney had to cut niches in the ice to clamber up by.

But he kept at work.

He reflected that it was his only chance for life.

He had not the slightest idea as to where it would bring him or where he would come out.

But he kept on just the same.

Up, up he went.

Suddenly it began to grow lighter, and Barney felt a breath of air.

It gave him renewed courage and he went on.

Soon he caught a gleam of daylight far above.

He knew then that he was coming to the open air.

Where he would come out he could not guess.

But the question found speedy answer. In another moment the blue sky was above him, and he was drinking in the sea breeze.

Up he went over a wall of ice, and the horizon burst upon his view.

But he was amazed at his position.

He was far up on the top of the mighty berg.

As far as he could see all was a vast berg-studded sea.

An immense platform of ice extended far to the northern end of the berg.

Barney fancied that he might see the submarine boat from this position.

But though he leaned far over the ice cliffs and closely scrutinized the line, he could see no sign of the Explorer.

It was not in sight.

But Barney reflected that it might be upon the other side of the berg, and at once started thither.

But he found that it was quite impossible for him to reach there.

The berg upon this side was nothing but a mass of pinnacles and needle-pointed spires, which effectually precluded anything like progress.

"Bejabbers, it's all surrounded I am," wailed Barney. "Shure, I'll niver see Misther Frank and the Explorer again!"

Despair now seized the Celt.

But he kept wandering about.

And as chance had it this brought him to a passage which seemed to lead down again into the centre of the berg.

In his bewilderment Barney took it. This proved his salvation.

It looked more like the passage by which he had entered the berg with Frank, and he kept on.

Suddenly he heard strange sounds.

He came to a halt.

They were in the far distance.

Yet the Irishman could distinguish quite plainly.

They consisted of hoarse growls and snarling cries like an angry beast.

"Begorra, that's funny!" muttered Barney. "Phwativcr is goin' on?"

Then he heard what sounded like a distant human cry of distress.

That was enough for Barney.

"Bejabbers, I believe that is Misther Frank!" he cried. "Shure I'd never be stayin' here at all, at all."

Away sped Barney.

Every moment the sounds became plainer. Then he came upon an astounding sight.

In the centre of the cavern chamber was a man wrapped in the embrace of a huge bear.

Barney recognized the victim at once.

It was Frank Reade, Jr.

"Whurroo! Hold up, Misther Frank!" cried the Celt, excitedly. "Shure, I'll be afther savin' yez!"

"Help, Barney!" cried Frank, feebly.

The bear was certainly getting the best of the young inventor.

There is no doubt but that he would have succumbed if it had not been for Barney's arrival.

The Celt was overjoyed to be able to strike a blow for his master.

All through his experiences he had kept possession of his rifle.



He now ran up to the bear and placed the muzzle against his heart.

Barney pulled the trigger.

The battle was finished.

The bear rolled over backward, instantly dead. Frank, overjoyed, staggered to Barney's side.

"Thank God! you were not killed after all, Barney!"

"Shure, I came near enough to it, sor, but not so near as you."

"Let us get away from this accursed place at once. Let us go back to the Explorer."

They started upon the return.

But somehow none of the passages seemed the same.

The further they went the more bewildered they became.

"Shure, sor, it's lost I am intoirely!" cried Barney.

"Arrah, an' it was a bad toime that we iver came aboard this accursed berg!"

"You are right!" cried Frank. "It is a lesson to us. But I never had any idea before that anybody could ever get so completely lost on an iceberg."

"Shure, sor, it seems to be a very simple matther."

"So it does, Barney. But this looks like the right path. Let us take it and see where it will go to."

"All right, sor!"

Along this new corridor the two lost explorers went.

But the further they went the more confused they became.

The reasons for this were obvious.

They were not aware of the splitting up of the berg, and consequently did not understand it.

But this was the real reason.

The paths by which they had come had been closed by this evolution.

But they had kept on at random.

This finally brought them into a mighty cavern chamber wholly arched.

A narrow shelf existed around the verge of a huge inland sea, or basin, rather.

Frank Reade, Jr., stopped and looked keenly about him.

Then a chill struck him.

An inkling of the truth came to him.

"Heavens!" he gasped. "I think I can understand it now!"

"Phwat, sor?"

"The berg has collapsed on the side we entered by, and we are imprisoned by the change!"

"Shure, sor, ye don't mean it?"

"Yés, I do."

Barney was astounded. Then a light broke upon him.

"Shure, an' I believe ye're right."

"Of course I am," said Frank. "My God! it is too awful to think of!"

"But, sor——"

"What?"

The two explorers looked at each other.

Each read in the face of the other what was in the mind of each.

"Phwere is the Explorer?"

A shade of horror came over Frank's handsome face.

Ah! that was an awful question.

Where was the Explorer?

Was it still safely riding the sea outside, or was it sunk beneath the tons and thousands of tons of falling ice?

Frank remembered the shock he had felt while in the berg.

But even as they stood there in their uncertainty, a strange thing happened before their eyes.

There was a mighty commotion of the waters in the basin.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CAIRN.

Pomp's position was one of awful peril. The huge whale was making for him like an avalanche.

It was not likely that the monster was intending to assail him.

It simply happened that Pomp was in the cetacean's way. The darky dropped the jack-screws, completely overcome with terror.

"Massy sakes alibe!" he groaned. "Dis chile am lost!"

Pomp imagined that the whale intended to eat him up.

But such was not the case.

Indeed it was doubtful if the monster even saw the darky.

But this did not lessen the danger, however.

The whale came straight for Pomp.

The darky fell flat upon his face in the hopes of dodging the monster.

In this he was successful.

The whale passed over him and made straight at the Explorer.

He struck the submarine boat full force, and the shock was tremendous.

Pomp had tried to regain his feet, but was knocked down again.

The whale recoiled from its attack upon the Explorer and started upon a new course.



Away he went out of sight in the water.

Pomp was relieved when he was gone. It was a narrow escape.

Once more he picked up the jack-screws and started for the ice.

Reaching it, Pomp very quickly set the screws beneath the block of ice and began to raise it.

Slowly the vast body of ice began to rise up.

Pomp's plan was a success.

In a very few moments the submarine boat was sufficiently released.

Then Pomp went back aboard the Explorer.

It was the work of but a few moments to back the Explorer out from its position and free it.

Then Pomp quickly set the pumps going in the air-chamber, and the Explorer sprang up to the surface.

It was at this moment, as we have seen at the close of the preceding chapter, that the two explorers, Frank and Barney, reached the verge of the basin.

The commotion in the waters was nothing more nor less than the Explorer rising to the surface.

As the submarine boat sprang above the surface, Frank and Barney were fairly electrified.

It was a most unlooked for proceeding.

They could hardly believe their senses. A great cry went up from the two lost explorers.

"Whurroo!" shouted Barney. "It's the Explorer as shure as I'm a Tipperary man, Misther Frank."

"The Explorer!" gasped Frank; "but how on earth did it come here?"

This was a conundrum.

Yet there it was.

They certainly must believe their own eyesight.

In the pilot-house Pomp was seen with his diving suit yet on.

The darky chanced at that moment also to see his friends.

The effect upon him was magical.

A great cry went up from his lips and he came tumbling out upon the deck.

"Fo' de good Lor', am dat yo', Marse Frank?" he cried. "Hooray! Dis am de happiest hour ob mah life!"

"All roight, naygur!" yelled Barney. "We're jist as glad to see yez. But, howiver do yez think we kin come aboard that boat, anyhow?"

"A'right; jes' yo' wait one moment!" cried Pomp. "I'se gwine fo' to fix dat a'right very soon!"

Into the pilot-house he rushed.

In a few moments he had run the boat up alongside the shelf of ice.

Barney and Frank easily stepped aboard then.

That was a joyous meeting to be sure.

Explanations quickly followed, and then the serious question presented itself as to how they were to get out into the open sea again.

This was certainly a question of no mean sort.

But Frank asked Pomp:

"Did you try every available point under the water?"

"No, sah!" replied the darky. "Dar' am some direck-shuns I didn't take."

"Well, let us try that, then!" said Frank. "It may be a dernier ressort, but we must do something."

"Dat am a fae', Marse Frank!"

Down went the submarine boat once more to the bottom of the ocean.

As luck had it this time, it landed directly in front of a deep cavernous passage.

Frank felt confident that this would take them out into the ocean.

Accordingly he started the Explorer through the passage.

As they went on, this seemed to widen and deepen.

Very soon they began to leave the ice walls behind.

A great hope sprang up in Frank's breast.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I believe we are out of the wilderness!"

"Dat am joyful!" cried Pomp.

"Whurroo!" shouted Barney.

In a few moments more Frank felt assured that they were in the open sea.

He gave the lever a turn and set the pumps going.

The Explorer rose to the surface.

Frank's joyful hopes were realized.

They were in the open sea.

The berg was a hundred yards to the eastward.

There it was grounded, and there they left it.

This was all the experience of the sort that Frank Reade, Jr., cared for.

"No more visits to icebergs!" he cried. "That is quite enough for me."

Straight to the northward now they kept.

The coast of Greenland lay to the east. Up the straits the Explorer went until Smith's Sound was reached.

This was full of ice.

But by using the Explorer's ram, very good progress was made.

Immense blocks of ice were shattered and fields of ice broken by the wonderful ram of the Explorer.

No incident of thrilling sort occurred until one day when they were besieged by ice off a small island.

Frank had thought of lowering the Explorer and going



under the ice field, when an incident caused him to change his mind.

Upon the shores of the island a strange object was seen.

It was a barrel mounted upon a long pole.

At once Frank was interested.

He concluded at once that it must mark a cairn where some former Arctic travelers had visited.

The young explorer was at once possessed of a desire to investigate.

Accordingly he said to Pomp:

"Come on, Pomp, let us visit the shore. This time you may go with me."

Pomp gave a yell of delight and cut a joyous caper.

"A'right, Marse Frank."

Barney did not demur.

He had had his turn and was quite willing to remain aboard the submarine boat.

Frank and Pomp were soon quite ready for the expedition.

It was easy to reach the shore over the ice cakes.

After quite a lively climb they finally reached the shore of the island.

Frank advanced to a pile of rock, above which was the barrel.

It was truly a cairn.

Opening the barrel, Frank took out a small tablet of slate, upon which was cut the following in rude letters:

"Here lie the bodies of Jim Peters, Andy Hardy, and Mike Walsh, of the crew of the brig Solitaire. Lost in a fog, six of us are cast adrift in the Arctic without food, and with a limited supply of ammunition and weapons. Three of us are left—Sam Hatch, Dick Davey, and Roger Harmon.

"We are going from here to a settlement twenty miles east, whence we hope to reach a Greenland port, and thence home. May God help us!"

"Amen!" said Frank, sincerely.

He knew that one of the survivors was Roger Harmon.

He experienced a thrill.

"How overjoyed old Alex Harmon would be if I should find his boy here!" he exclaimed. "It is not impossible that he may be found in some Esquimaux settlement. I shall try."

Frank was desirous of seeing what was beyond the island. So he climbed to the cliff above and looked eastward.

He saw beyond the isle a narrow strait and a long stretch of what looked like the mainland of a continent.

"Golly, Marse Frank!" exclaimed Pomp, "dat looks a bit like a big stretch ob land ober dar."

"That is certainly what it is," agreed Frank.

"Does yo' s'pose it am inhabited?"

"I hardly know," replied the young inventor. "But what is that over yonder hill—is it not smoke?"

The ducky looked in the direction indicated.

Both saw a column of smoke rising into the air.

At once Frank's curiosity was aroused.

"It must be a camp," he cried. "And yet what human beings could exist here?"

He was thinking intently of the Solitaire's party, and did not think of such a thing as Esquimaux.

Frank decided to investigate the distant smoke.

Accordingly, accompanied by Pomp, he set out for the distant hill.

Before reaching it, they were obliged to pass through a narrow pass.

Just as they reached this, an excited cry went up from Pomp.

"Whatebber was dat, Marse Frank?"

"What?"

"Jes' yo' listen!"

From the distance came the faint sound of hallooing.

Frank said nothing but pressed on. They passed through the defile, and came out in view of a broad interval leading down to the sea.

At a spot halfway down from this, a long column of smoke was ascending into the air.

But not a sign of a human being was in sight.

Frank and Pomp went down to the spot, and found only a pile of half-burned sticks.

But these were all the signs of an Esquimaux, although none of the latter were in sight.

But as they stood there, from the hill above came a loud hullo. Looking up, the two explorers were astounded to see fully a dozen dog teams coming down over the snow wastes.

Upon each sledge was an Esquimaux, and Frank knew enough from former visits to this region of the colors worn by the tribes that this was a band of hostiles.

Instantly he threw back the hammer of his rifle.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A FIGHT WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

The Esquimaux were lashing their dogs to furious speed as they came on down over the snow waste.



they had seen the two explorers and were making for them.

Pomp was alarmed.

"Golly, Marse Frank!" he cried, "I can't say dat I jes' likes de looks ob dat crowd at all."

"No!" replied Frank, with some agitation. "We must be ready for them. They evidently mean business."

"Does yo' fink dey gib us a fight, sah?"

"Yes!"

"A'right! den I reckon we jes' be ready fo' dat crowd!"

"We must!"

On came the Esquimaux at full speed.

In a moment they surrounded the two explorers.

Leaping from their sledges they grasped their spears and started for their foes.

But Frank and Pomp threw their rifles to their shoulders.

"Hold on!" shouted Frank. "Come no further!"

The Arctic natives halted.

They stood some fifty paces distant and made menacing gestures at Frank and Pomp.

This did not disturb Frank.

He felt no fear.

He knew that with his repeater he could thin out the ranks of the foe in quick time.

The Esquimaux were not so foolish as not to see this themselves.

One of them, a thick-set, burly ruffian, now advanced.

He held up his hands in token of amity, and cried:

"Inglese man, hallo! No shoot! No kill Eskimo!"

"I'll kill you precious quick if you don't drop those spears!" cried Frank.

"Eskimo no hurt Inglese. No be afraid. Be heap friend!"

The duplicity of the scoundrel was apparent and almost laughable.

Frank smiled.

"I think you're a crack liar!" he retorted. "I don't believe you."

"Honest Eskimo. No hurt!"

"Keep your distance!"

Frank clicked the hammer of his rifle ominously. The villain understood this and very wisely retreated.

The Esquimaux now held a council.

It was quickly apparent that they did not dare to attack the plucky men.

They leaped into their sledges, and with baffled and desecive yells drove off madly over the ridge again.

Frank guessed their purpose.

This was to go for reinforcements.

"We must get out of this, Pomp!" he said; "this will never do. If they come back with a big gang they'll annihilate us."

"A'right, sah."

"We will go back to the Explorer."

Frank started for the defile.

But before he reached it he saw that it was filled with Esquimaux.

Their path to the Explorer was cut off.

What was to be done?

It was a desperate situation.

Quick action was what was needed now. Frank knew this.

But it would be flatly impossible to go around the island.

The Esquimaux would easily cut them off, and a fight at close quarters was to be by all means avoided.

The Esquimaux now were advancing to the attack.

Where they had all come from so suddenly was a mystery.

There seemed fully one hundred of them. They came over the ridges and through the defiles in a solid body.

There was no way but to retreat before them.

This meant to the shores of the island, then out upon the ice pack, and, perhaps, to the mainland.

Frank and Pomp fell back before the Esquimaux.

But they continued to dispute every inch of ground.

They fired steadily and with telling effect, dropping many of the foe.

But still the Esquimaux came on.

They hurled their javelins and arrows, and some of them narrowly missed the two white men.

But they managed to successfully dodge them.

Now the shore was reached.

Then the two plucky white men were driven out upon the ice.

Here they were able to make a better fight.

Behind the ice hummocks and elevations they found shelter and were able to pour in a destructive fire.

The battle waxed hot and furious.

But the numbers of the Esquimaux were so great that it became necessary to steadily retire.

There was danger that they would surround them.

This would bring the fight to close quarters, which would be fatal.

Thus the battle went on across the ice-field.

In the light of the Arctic day the two explorers were compelled to retreat slowly until they finally came to the mainland.

Here high cliffs were back of them.

A dense grove of Arctic firs was upon their summit.



Frank and Pomp here resolved to make a stand.

The Esquimaux charged up the cliffs, and Frank worked the repeating rifles while Pomp loaded.

The pluck of the Esquimaux was most surpassing.

"Golly, Marse Frank!" cried Pomp, "dey jes' mean fo' to hab our scalps, don't dey?"

"You are right!" said Frank. "When our ammunition gives out it will be a serious question with us."

"Dar amn't twenty rounds more, Marse Frank!"

The young inventor's face paled.

"You don't mean it?"

"Dat am right, sah!"

"Then I am afraid we are lost!" groaned Frank. But suddenly his face brightened.

"What is that?"

Frank pointed up the shore.

A large body of men, also Esquimaux, were coming on the run.

"Massy sakes, Marse Frank, dar am mo' ob dem!"

"It's all right!" cried Frank, wildly. "We are saved!"

Pomp looked astonished.

"How can yo' say dat, Marse Frank? Dar's mo' ob dem!"

"Yes, but they are of another tribe and not of the war-like kind. You will see pretty quick."

The distant yells of the newcomers had a startling effect on the Esquimaux attacking Pomp and Frank.

They seemed alarmed and began to scramble for the ice floe.

A more demoralized set was never seen than they.

The newcomers pursued them even to the island, where a hot battle was waged.

But a number of the friendly Esquimaux remained behind and now made signs to Frank and Pomp.

One of them, a tall and handsome fellow, who seemed to be the leader, came forward excitedly.

"My God!" he cried. "Is it possible that these are fellow countrymen of mine?"

"Roger Harmon!" cried Frank, excitedly. "Is not that your name?"

The Esquimaux leader, so much taller than his companions, gave a mighty start.

"That is my name!" he cried; "but how did you know it?"

"Why, bless you, your father asked me to look for you while upon my exploring trip hither," replied Frank.

"My father?"

"Yes."

"Then he is alive?"

"Oh, yes, and firm in the hope that you will be restored to him."

A wild, joyful cry rang from the castaway's lips.

"God be praised!" he cried. "I had never hoped for such joy as this. But where is your ship?"

"Over yonder island."

"What is your mission here?"

"To reach the North Pole."

Roger Harmon shook his head.

"Abandon it!" he said; "no good will come of it. I have dwelt here with the Esquimaux for many years and have not even been able to find my way home. If any human beings could reach the Pole, they could. But they never have!"

"Ah, but I am better fitted to perform that feat," said Frank, confidently.

"Then you mean to persevere?"

"Yes."

"I like your pluck and hope you will succeed."

"I shall. Have no fears upon that score."

"You have been attacked by these Matrodas? Rascal fellows!"

"Yes."

"I am glad that we happened along in time to aid you."

"So am I," said Frank; "but come, you will go with me to the Explorer."

Young Harmon drew a deep breath.

"I can hardly realize it," he said. "I had begun to think that the time would never come when I should leave these awful solitudes!"

"Well, it has come," said Frank, lightly, "and your father will be made the happiest man in the world."

"That makes me happy. But I must first take leave of these Esquimaux who have been so kind to me."

Roger went down upon the shore and called the Esquimaux all to him.

Then in a speech in their tongue, which he had mastered, he expressed to them his regrets at leaving them.

They seemed deeply affected.

But Roger finally succeeded in parting from them, with Frank and Pomp started for the Explorer.

As they passed through the defile upon the island, the last of the Matrodas were retreating to the farther shore.

Roger Harmon acted like one in a trance.

"Indeed!" he said, sincerely, "I can hardly believe my good luck. I had given up all hope of ever seeing my native land again."

Very soon now the open sea came again in view.

The Explorer could be seen lying in the midst of the ice.



Roger looked astonished.

"Where is your ship?" he cried.

"Don't you see it out there?" said Frank.

"What, that a ship? It looks more like a large-sized canoe."

"It is a new kind of ship," said Frank with a laugh. "It is a submarine boat, and you will understand it better when you see it."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUNKEN WRECK.

Across the pack ice the adventurers traveled, and soon had reached the Explorer.

As they climbed on deck Barney appeared.

"Shure it's glad I am to see yez back!" cried the Celt.

"Pwhat was goin' on over there?"

"Golly! We jes' had a big fight out dar," replied Pomp.

"Yes, and we have gained one of the objects of our expedition," said Frank.

He introduced Barney to Roger.

Then the young Arctic castaway was shown about the ship, much to his wonderment and interest.

"Upon my word!" he cried, "this surpasses any effort of the imagination. Do you mean to say that this boat can travel under water?"

"That is just what I mean," replied Frank. "And we shall very soon take a trip thither."

"Indeed!"

"You will see that the pack ice bars our progress."

"So it does!"

"Now it is not easy to go through it, so we shall make the best of it and go under it."

Roger scratched his head and looked a bit incredulous.

But Frank said to Barney:

"Open the air-chamber."

The Celt touched a lever and the boat went down beneath the water.

Roger saw daylight disappear and heard the hissing and urging of the water.

"We are sinking!" he cried, with alarm, forgetting for a moment Frank's promise.

"Of course we are!" cried the young inventor. "Didn't I tell you we would?"

But the spell of gloom was only of brief duration.

The electric lights in the Explorer's cabin shone forth and illumined everything.

Suddenly there was a slight jar.

The Explorer had rested upon the bed of the ocean.

Pomp went to the search-light and turned its rays in all directions.

The bed of the ocean was shown quite plainly through the bull's-eye windows.

Roger Harmon was dazed.

He kept rubbing his eyes.

"I am certainly dreaming!" he cried. "We are not under the Arctic?"

"Yes, we are," said Frank.

"But we will soon stifle here without air!"

Frank laughed.

"Didn't I explain to you how the air is manufactured?" he cried. "There are chemicals enough aboard to keep us in pure oxygen for a year."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Harmon, which was the most he could say.

Frank went to the search-light and sent its rays through the water.

He saw that no ice was in the way nor any obstruction of material sort.

The Explorer was sent ahead at quite a rapid pace.

It was certainly a remarkable sensation to travel through the water in this manner.

Roger Harmon was in the pilot-house with Frank.

Many and wonderful were the sights which were revealed to the gaze of the explorers.

The ocean caves and their myriads of inhabitants, with the variety of sea monsters, cetaceans, crabs and octopus, all formed a wonderful study.

The Explorer kept on for hours in this way.

Now the bed of the sea descended into deep valleys, or again rose into high eminences or ranges of under sea hills.

It was necessary to keep the search-light constantly at work.

Frank Reade, Jr., stayed by the wheel, all the while dodging obstructions, now lifting the boat, now lowering it in conformity with the undulating bed of the sea.

After awhile speed was reduced and Barney relieved Frank.

The young explorer, somewhat fatigued, went into the cabin and sat down.

Roger Harmon joined him.

They could look through the bull's-eye windows upon either side and watch the mighty panorama.

This was most interesting to Harmon especially.

"I don't understand how you can make a course!" he said.

"Easy enough!" replied Frank. "I simply go by the chart as given of the sea's surface."



"Ah! but has any accurate chart been yet made of these waters?"

"I shall go by the chart of former explorers as far as I can."

"And what then?"

"I shall then feel my way."

"But will you not fear getting lost?"

"I know of no reason why I should," replied Frank.

"I have heard that there are certain localities here where the needle of the compass becomes demagnetized."

"I am going to scour the Arctic Ocean and reach the Pole," cried Frank, earnestly, "if I have to proceed as Jason did when he invaded the Labyrinth—mark my course with a thread."

"Well, I hope you will succeed," said Roger, earnestly.

"I do not fear but that I shall," said Frank, confidently.

"I base my hopes, however, upon what I consider the almost absolute certainty of the existence of an open sea around the pole."

They were thus conversing when Roger chanced to glance out into the ocean.

He beheld a sight which brought the blood to his head in surges.

"My God!" he cried. "We are going to be annihilated!"

This brought Frank to his feet almost instantly.

But when he saw the cause of Roger's alarm, he cooled down.

He saw that a monster whale, with mouth agape, was rushing with whirlwind velocity toward the boat.

Of course there would be a shock when the collision should come, but Frank knew that the whale would be the greatest sufferer.

The next moment it came.

The whale's blunt head struck the Explorer's hull.

Frank shouted to Barney.

"Charge the hull!"

Quick as a flash Barney turned a small lever.

This sent a current from the dynamos into the hull of the boat.

Once more the whale came to the attack. But this time when he struck the hull, it was likely that he very speedily wished that he had not.

The shock was something awful, and a most demoralized looking whale turned upon his back and went shooting up through the water.

"Heavens!" cried Roger. "I thought we were done for that time."

But Frank only laughed.

"Oh, no," he said. "That whale was a bit funny, but he won't trouble the Explorer again."

"The electricity must have stunned him."

"Oh, yes."

"And he has gone to the surface."

"Or to the ice floor above."

"But how is it that we did not feel the shock?"

"Because the cabin we are in has its supports perfectly insulated. It is independent of the steel hull, and only connected with it by rubber cushions."

"Whew!" exclaimed young Harmon. "Who'd ever have thought of that? Certainly you are the most wonderful inventor yet, Mr. Reade."

Roger went to the window and looked out.

"But I don't see how you can tell how deep we are," said.

"That is easy," said Frank.

"Well, how?"

The famous young inventor turned to a dial upon the wall.

"Do you see that hand upon the dial?" he said. "We know that is connected simply with an electrical disc upon the top of the hull. The greater the depth the more pressure, and the dial records the number of fathoms."

Roger gazed at the instrument.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed; then reading from the face of the dial. "We are now nineteen fathoms deep."

"Yes."

"But that is not very deep."

"No, but the Arctic is not considered a deep sea, anyway."

"True. How deep can you go with this boat, Mr. Reade?"

"About one hundred and fifty fathoms. The pressure then becomes too great!"

"Mercy on us! I should think it would be crushed like an egg-shell."

"To the contrary, I cannot drive it deeper. The density of the water is too great, and the boat too buoyant."

"Then if there were seven miles of water beneath, would not know it."

"You would not know the exact depth, but you would become assured that you were far from the bed of the ocean."

"All this is very wonderful. But nineteen fathoms is quite enough for me."

At this moment a cry came from Barney in the engine room.

"Och, Mither Frank, wud yez be afther comin' here?"

Frank sprang up into the place.

Barney turned the electric light so that it fell upon the wreck lying upon the bed of the ocean.

It was the dismantled hull of a large ship.



Frank saw it and instantly turned the lever, which checked the progress of the boat.

He believed that it was worth while to investigate the wreck.

It undoubtedly would tell the story of some Arctic exploration which might be of service, and at least interesting to the voyagers.

Roger Harmon was at once interested when he saw what had occasioned the stop.

The Explorer was brought to a halt.

Drawing as near to the wreck as it was safe, the searchlight was turned upon the old hulk.

It could be very readily seen that the vessel had been lost by being nipped in the ice.

Her sides were crushed in and parts of the cargo were lying about.

The wreck was deeply covered with silt and sea-weeds and evidently had been in the water many years.

"What sort of a craft would you call it, Mr. Reade?" asked Roger.

"I hardly know," replied Frank. "I imagine, however, that she is a lost whaler."

"I don't agree with you," said Roger. "Her shape, as far as I can see, is more that of a revenue cutter or government yacht."

"We will soon find out," declared Frank.

"How?"

"By going aboard."

"Going aboard?" exclaimed Roger, in amazement.

"That is what I said!"

"I heard, but you forget that we are under water."

"I forget nothing of the kind!" replied Frank. "I am going aboard that ship, and you may go, too, if you would like."

## CHAPTER X.

### UNDER THE ICE BARRIER.

Roger was astounded.

"Go aboard with you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

"But perhaps you can explain how I can accomplish that?"

"In a patent diving suit of mine."

"Oh!"

The young man drew a deep breath.

"How many more wonderful inventions have you got, Mr. Reade?" he asked. "You are the wonder of the age."

"Come with me!" cried Frank, phlegmatically.

He led Roger into the vestibule.

Here the diving suits hung.

"Are you at all used to being under water?" he asked.

"Well, I am a good swimmer!" replied Roger.

"Ah! but do you think you could stand the pressure?"

"I don't see why."

"All right!"

Frank took down from the hook one of the suits.

"Put this on," he said.

Roger at once obeyed.

In a few moments they were arrayed in the suits.

Then Frank shouted to Barney:

"Keep the search-light well on the hulk."

"Ay, ay, sor!" replied the Celt.

Frank then opened the valve and proceeded to fill the vestibule with water.

This accomplished, he opened the outer door and walked out on deck.

Roger followed him.

Frank walked along the railed platform and threw over the gang ladder.

Down this they climbed and started for the hulk.

Frank reached it first and paused at a breach in the side.

It seemed large enough for him to pass through.

The electric light on his helmet illuminated the interior of the vessel.

Frank saw the main deck strewn with barrels, boxes, and old lumber.

He at once passed through and was in the vessel.

Roger followed him slowly.

As yet there had been nothing discovered which would lead to the identification of the vessel.

But as he was crossing the main deck on his way to the cabin Frank came upon a ghastly sight.

Flat upon the deck lay the grinning skull and bones of a man.

Frank stepped over them and reached the cabin door.

He passed through.

The cabin showed that it had been luxuriously furnished.

Upon the walls hung a variety of nautical instruments, and also a variety of firearms.

These were nearly consumed with rust.

There were several paintings, but the canvas had rotted through, and little crabs played hide and seek in the corners of the frames.

But upon the cabin table lay a long telescope and a brass-bound chest.



This Frank knew was such as the log-book of a ship is usually kept in.

At the table was a chair.

In the seat of this was a heap of bones. The skull lay face up.

Evidently a man had sat at the table when the ship went down.

There was no doubt in Frank's mind but that this was the ship of some exploring party.

He knew that the latitude was such as is rarely attempted by the whaler or ordinary ship.

Frank picked up the box and tried the lock.

Time had rusted it and it yielded.

Opening it, Frank saw what he had expected.

This was a log-book.

Strange to say, the brass box had been water-tight and the log-book was in a perfect state of preservation.

Had Frank known this he would not have opened the box to let the water soak the book.

But curiosity overcame his scruples and he turned the leaves of the book.

The water magnified the letters and he read the writing in a large coarse hand.

Thus it read:

"SATURDAY, December 10, 18—.

"A bitter day for all. No sign of the ice breaking up, and we are plainly in for another winter. Oh, the horrors of this awful life of solitude!

"Three years cast away in this accursed region! Oh, for a chance for life! Alas! none of us, the three survivors of the crew of the *Arabella* (the ship sent by the American Exploration Company to the North Pole), may never hope to see home again.

"It is a week ago to-day since Captain Cliff suicided. Driven to madness by the horrors of this fate, he took his own life.

"December 15th.—This has been a week of suffering, of mad freaks, and of horror. Benton, the mate, went insane, and for an hour we had all we could do to prevent his cutting his throat. Poor fellow! The end is near.

December 20th.—Another week has dragged by. Yesterday poor O'Byrne died. His body yet lies on the main deck. I am the only survivor. Ye gods! This stark solitude will drive me mad yet. I think I shall try to make a trip across the ice and join a band of Esquimaux. Once to-day the ship heaved and seemed likely to go down."

The journal ended here.

Frank did not go back further in the book for more particulars.

He had already learned the most that it was necessary for him to.

He knew the name of the ship and the mission of the crew, which was to find the North Pole.

It was only one more instance of the folly of fitting out Arctic expeditions with wooden ships.

This was only one of the many rotting hulks which lay at the bottom of the Arctic.

Frank put his helmet close to Roger's and shouted:

"Well, have you seen enough?"

"Yes," replied Roger.

"Sad fate for them."

"You are right."

"We will look through the ship a little, and then go back to the Explorer."

"All right."

Frank led the way up the cabin stairs and onto the upper deck.

Everything betokened utter desolation and decay.

There was nothing of value worth carrying away.

The scene was one most depressing to the mind, and Frank turned from it with a sense of sickness most intense.

He clambered down the ship's side and was once more upon the bed of the ocean.

In a few moments, with Roger at his side, he reached the Explorer.

Entering the vestibule, Frank turned the pump valve and pumped the water out of the compartment.

Then he removed his diving suit.

Roger did likewise.

The young man was enthusiastic.

"Wonderful experience!" he cried; "truly I am a fortunate man to have been given the opportunity."

Frank gave Barney directions to go ahead.

Then he went back to the cabin.

The Explorer once more went on its submarine course.

Frank drew out a number of charts and spread them upon the table.

Roger bent over them with him.

"Can you tell how far we are from the Pole now, Frank Reade?" he asked.

"I think I can," replied Frank. "We are not more than three hundred miles, to my reckoning."

"Three hundred miles?"

"Yes."

"Ah! then we ought to be near the open sea?"

"We should be in twelve hours."

"How have you laid your course?"

"Follow this line!" said Frank, "by Baffin Bay, through Smith's Sound, and straight up through a deep and



channel, which has doubtless been for ages blocked with ice."

"And which has been the real barrier to reaching the Pole?"

"Exactly!"

"I shall look forward eagerly to the hour when we shall enter the open sea!"

"Well, in twelve hours I shall make the attempt to do so."

"Good!"

A short while later all had retired except Barney.

He was at the wheel.

In six hours he would be relieved by Pomp.

And while the voyagers slept the submarine boat was making rapid progress through the Arctic sea.

In six hours all were again astir.

This was as much sleep as they seemed to care for. Their position at the bottom of the ocean did not seem conducive to sleep.

As for Roger, he was too excited to rest for long.

Time passed very rapidly on board the Explorer.

There was always some new incident occurring of startling interest.

The twelve hours had passed and Frank began to make observations.

He threw the glare of the search-light upward.

The waters were pierced for a long distance, but yet it would not be seen whether ice was over them or not.

Finally Frank turned the pump valve and the boat began to slowly rise.

Up it went.

In a few moments the water seemed to lighten.

Then Frank cried:

"Hurrah! We have come to open water!"

This announcement that the Explorer had safely made the wonderful passage under the ice barrier was gratifying enough.

Cheers were given.

The next moment like a cork the Explorer popped to the surface.

The scene spread to view was a wonderful and enchanting one.

They were upon the bosom of a wide and tranquil sea.

In the distance far to the eastward there was a faint line of white.

This was the region of ice.

The air was less keen, and seemed to be getting milder as they went on.

Flocks of geese were flying overhead, and the doubt was settled that they were really in the open Polar Sea.

From all ages there had come a tradition of the existence of this sea.

It had been furthermore claimed by reputable men that here was a small continent where the climate was mild and equable the year round.

Legends also existed of the presence of a wonderful race in this out-of-the-way part of the world.

Whether this was true or not, subsequent adventures in the open Polar Sea were destined to show.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

Frank surveyed the scene about him with interest.

He paced the deck for some while, and then went below.

When he came on deck again he had a ship's glass.

With this he studied the horizon for some time.

Roger Harmon finally joined him.

"Well, Mr. Reade," he said, "your prophecy has come true!"

"It seems so!"

"This is really the open Polar Sea."

"Yes."

"There is no greater wonder on earth."

"Well, that is so."

"That there should be such a sea as this in the midst of a vast region of ice is simply wonderful!"

"It is, indeed."

"How do you explain it?"

"Well, I think there are volcanic causes to explain it," said Frank; "the inner fires of the earth come very near to the surface."

"That is certainly an apt explanation. Ah, what is that?"

Roger pointed to a long, low line upon the horizon.

Frank picked up his glass.

He studied the line a moment.

Then he lowered the glass.

"It is land!" he said.

The interest of all was at once aroused.

That land was in sight there was no doubt. The voyagers felt much as Columbus must have when he discovered the New World.

They were the discoverers of a new continent.

They were the only known white men who had ever sailed these waters.

When the land was reached they would be the only ones who had ever set foot upon it.



What a story to relate when once they should return home!

The spirits of all were high.

The Explorer, being now upon the surface, could sail at a tremendous rate of speed.

Like a meteor the boat shot through the water.

Gradually the distant continent began to rise up out of the water.

It was not long before rocky cliffs could be seen, and above them tall trees and waving shrubs.

The Explorer every moment drew nearer, and now the land was in plain view.

The air was now so mild that the voyagers felt constrained to remove many of their fur garments.

There was not a particle of ice or snow to be seen.

The waves rolled in breakers upon the white sands of the shore.

It was a beautiful sight and one which impressed them.

Of course all were eager to go ashore.

But Barney and Pomp were instructed to stay aboard the Explorer.

"We will go ashore first," said Frank, "then if we can find a good harbor, we will sink the Explorer and all walk ashore in our diving suits."

This met with great favor and settled the fears of Barney and Pomp.

The small boat was got out and Frank and Roger entered it.

They quickly rowed ashore.

Drawing the boat upon the sands they proceeded to climb the cliffs.

A wonderful view was to be obtained from them.

It was a land fertile and diversified by valleys and hills.

As far as the eye could reach the land extended.

All was luxuriant foliage and thrifty growth.

The trees and shrubs were of kinds not common in southern countries.

Frank gazed upon the scene with wonderment.

"I am satisfied that this is not an island," he declared.

"Never!" agreed Roger. "If it is not a continent, then I'm wrong. See that mighty river where it empties into the sea."

"Is it river or lagoon?"

"A river."

Frank studied it with his glass.

"That is true," he cried. "It is a river, as I live!"

At once an idea seized Frank.

He started back for the shore.

"Where are you going?" asked Roger, in surprise.

"Back to the boat."

"What for?"

"I'll tell you when we get there."

Roger said no more.

He followed Frank to the shore and got into the boat.

They rowed back to the Explorer and clambered aboard.

Barney and Pomp had been anxiously awaiting their re-

turn.

"Fo' goodness' sake, Marse Frank," cried Pomp, "am yo back so soon?"

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Bejabbers, was it the inemy that druv yez back?" asked Barney.

"No," replied Frank. "Hoist the anchor, Barney. W will leave here."

The Celt was astounded.

"Leave is it, sor! Shure, I thought we wud all g ashore?"

"And so you shall, but not now," replied Frank.

Barney and Pomp proceeded to obey orders.

The anchor was got up and the Explorer put out of th harbor.

Roger now saw through the purpose of Frank Reade, J

"You are making for the river," he said.

"Yes."

"Good enough!"

Along the coast the Explorer ran.

Then when the mouth of the river was reached it turne its sharp prow into it.

Barney and Pomp now saw the plan.

They were in ecstasies.

Soon the boat was gliding along between high woode banks.

The river was a broad and powerful stream.

It moved on with resistless current, and its force assur Frank that the land was indeed a continent.

The river was replete with fish, and huge salmon were thick that it would have been easy to spear any number them from the deck.

On went the Explorer.

As they left the sea a wonderful stretch of country w unfolded before them.

Suddenly, as the boat was gliding around a bend, Barn beheld a thrilling sight.

In a distant clump of reeds by the shore stood a wond ful looking object.

It was a bird, but such as the likes of which our explor had never seen before.

To all appearances it was an auk, but of a most gigan size.



The huge bird seemed to be feeding upon the reeds in the marsh.

It was fully four feet high, with a body as large as an ostrich.

"Whurroo! phwat the divil do yez call that anyway?" cried Barney, wildly.

All viewed the huge bird in surprise.

As they drew nearer, the giant auk made off with strides of tremendous sort.

Soon it had disappeared in the woods bordering the river.

But the greatest surprise of all was yet in store.

Before the reed swamp had been passed, Frank's attention was claimed by what looked like a huge pile of some sort of stuff upon the shore.

But this pile suddenly began to move, and then to his horror Frank beheld the most hideous reptile he had ever seen.

It was a cross between an alligator and a frog, with huge, glittering scales and a terrible pair of jaws.

It looked like a mammoth specimen of the basilisk.

As the boat passed, its greenish eyes gleamed balefully and all shivered.

But the saurian, for such it was, did not move.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Frank. "What was that?"

"On me worrud!" cried Barney, excitedly. "I never saw a loikes in me loife!"

"Golly! looks like a big 'gator!" said Pomp.

"I tell you we are only coming upon a few existing specimens of the antediluvian animal kingdom," said Roger Harmon.

"You are right," cried Frank.

"I wouldn't be surprised if we discovered a specimen of the megatherium yet."

"Nor I."

The boat kept on up the river.

But no more wonderful animals were seen for the time.

New sights were in store.

Suddenly Barney, who was in the bow, raised his head and cried:

"Did any of yez iver see the loikes av that?"

"What?" asked Harmon.

"On me worrud, it's the biggest man I iver see in me loife!"

Harmon and the others now saw the cause of Barney's surprise.

Upon a point of land jutting into the river stood a man. But he was not of the ordinary type.

He seemed more than seven feet tall, with limbs and body of Herculean proportion.

He was dressed in a barbarous and wild fashion.

The skins of animals covered him in part, and his broad chest and limbs were fully exposed to the air, the balminess of which, however, precluded anything like suffering.

The giant's beard hung low and in a tangled mass upon his chest.

His hair was down upon his shoulders from beneath a heavy fur cap.

Indeed he presented the appearance of a type of prehistoric man.

In his hand he carried a huge club, and he was regarding the Explorer with much of surprise.

Our voyagers gazed upon him with deepest wonderment.

"Heavens!" gasped Frank Reade, Jr., "what a powerful fellow that is!"

"He is a shade heavier than an Esquimaux," said Roger.

"I should say so!"

"Bejabers, did yez iver see the loikes?" cried Barney, excitedly. "Shure, if he iver got a hold upon us he'd crush the loife out of us."

"Golly, I done flink we bettah stay on board de boat!" cried Pomp.

"I think we will stay on board until in a safe position," said Frank.

The giant now began to make menacing motions toward the boat. He waded out into the stream even and began to wave the club.

He called out to the voyagers in a strange, unintelligible tongue.

It would have been easy enough to have dropped him with a rifle ball.

But this would have been actual murder, and Frank Reade, Jr., would not agree to this.

If the barbarian should assume to do them actual harm, then it would be full time to stand upon the defensive.

The actions of the giant were frantic.

He swam out into the current and tried to catch hold of the boat.

But he was unable to do this.

Finally he gave up the attempt and swam ashore.

His actions now underwent a more aggressive aspect.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EXPLORING THE CONTINENT.

The giant seemed doubly furious when he reached the shore.



In his frenzy he picked up huge stones and began to fling them at the boat.

Despite the distance, his aim was perfect, and the stones struck the hull of the boat.

Of course, they bounded off without doing any harm.

But it showed the tremendous muscular power of the giant.

But the submarine boat now went ahead faster.

The giant could not keep pace with it, despite his immense strides.

He was soon left behind and out of sight altogether.

But this incident was of great value to the voyagers.

It taught them the necessity of using the utmost of caution.

If they should once get in the grip of a number of these savages, the result might be serious.

The country now began to widen into a wonderful panorama.

The vegetation was something most wonderful to behold.

Hills and dales were upon every side, and rivers and brooks were rushing down into the main river.

The voyagers were charmed with the aspect.

They lost no opportunity to take it all in.

"Indeed!" cried Roger. "We are enjoying a privilege such as few people in this generation will be apt to enjoy."

"You are right," replied Frank. "It is doubtful if anybody else visits this continent for many years."

"We ought then to make all the important observations that we can."

"Yes."

"And collect as much of the mineralogical wealth of the country as possible as specimens."

"That shall be done."

"But in order to do that we shall have to go ashore."

"Yes, and we will."

"Will it not be risky?"

"Beyond doubt," replied Frank. "But I have an idea that we may find a safe place just beyond here for that! At least we will try!"

The Explorer kept on for fully twenty miles up the river.

It was certainly a large stream, being in many places a mile broad.

Suddenly Roger detected a strange looking object beyond the horizon.

He borrowed Frank's glass.

"I believe it is smoke," he said.

"Smoke?"

"Yes."

"That is queer!" said Frank. "It cannot be a camp-fire for it is too far off."

Frank took the glass and proceeded to study the distant smoke.

A conviction dawned upon him.

"It is not a camp-fire!" he declared; "that is full fifty miles off and I believe it to be a volcano."

This was the most likely solution of the phenomenon, and was accepted by all.

Two miles further on a likely place was found to land.

Frank's plan to land safely was a unique one.

The boat was run up near the shore in sufficiently deep water and sunk.

After it had gone below the surface nothing could be seen of it, turret and all being hidden.

Should any of the savages come along in the meantime they would never suspect the existence of it in that place.

Then it was arranged that all should put on diving suits and walk out of the water to the shore.

This was very cleverly done.

A short while later all stood upon the shore in their diving suits.

Of course it was folly to think of wearing them upon the travels about.

So it was decided to leave them hidden in a clump of bushes near.

This was done, and the start into the interior made.

For an hour the explorers tramped on through a panorama of most wonderful sort.

All manner of curious wild animals and birds were seen.

Some were of a species which it was certain were of antediluvian origin.

No incident of thrilling sort occurred, until suddenly a great cry came from Roger's lips.

He bent down over a heap of quartz and cried:

"Gold! As I live it is shining gold!"

In an instant the others were all by his side.

It was plain to be seen that Roger had made a great find. The quartz held great veins of pure gold. There seemed a vast ledge of it in the vicinity.

It was a treasure beyond estimate.

The explorers went wild over it.

No matter what a man's circumstances, the discovery of gold is not without its delirium.

"It will make our fortunes beyond all doubt!" cried Roger.

"So it would," agreed Frank, "but I fear we shall not carry much of it away."

"Why?"



"Because we have no quartz mill to crush out the gold."  
This was true.  
Of course the quartz could be removed and ground in  
me stamp mill at home.  
But not enough could be loaded aboard the Explorer to  
make it an object.  
So the dream of wealth was dissipated.  
Some time was spent pleasantly, however, in examining  
the quartz vein.  
There was certainly a vast treasure there, and had the  
not been accessible to civilization a gold fever would have  
followed at once.  
But it was not.  
After a while our adventurers turned away to new scenes.  
All were now hugely hungry and it was decided to make  
little camp.  
Fagots were procured and a small fire started.  
Then Barney caught some fine fish in a stream near, and  
Roger shot a species of caribou.  
The juicy steak and the fish were fried over the coals,  
and made a good meal for all.  
A clear, cold spring near furnished water for drinking.  
The spirits of all were high.  
This sort of thing was most enjoyable, as all agreed.  
Pomp sang plantation songs and danced, and Barney  
gave an Irish jig and a quantity of jokes.  
Roger also sang a sentimental song in a rich tenor voice.  
They were thus engaged when a thrilling incident  
occurred.  
Near by was a thick copse.  
This parted suddenly, and the largest bear any had ever  
seen in their lives appeared.  
He was a monster and evidently of a very peculiar spe-  
cies.  
His color was a sort of blue-black. In other respects he  
was akin to the Rocky Mountain grizzly.  
But his size was something enormous. His jaws seemed  
large enough to enable him to swallow any one in the party.  
In an instant all were upon their feet.  
"Crocky!" exclaimed Roger in amazement. "What do  
you call it?"  
"A bear!" gasped Frank. "What a monster!"  
"Golly! He am clar fo' suah aftah dis chile," cried  
Pomp.  
"Begorra, av yez don't look out, naygur, he'll have yez!"  
cried Barney.  
But the big beast did not seem to particularize, but had  
his gaze upon all of the party.  
He made an advance with a hoarse roar.  
"Scatter!" cried Frank. "Let each give him a shot!"

This was done.  
The bear, thus baffled, made a dive at Barney.  
"Och, hone, ye'll never catch me!" cried the Celt.  
Then came the crack of the rifles.  
His bearship was literally riddled with bullets.  
He fell, and a few more shots were given him to end his  
death agony.  
Then Barney and Pomp took off his skin.  
It was a magnificent piece of fur.  
Frank intended to make it into a handsome rug for the  
main cabin of the Explorer.  
It was now decided to return to the submarine boat.  
There was some little risk of falling in with more dan-  
gerous enemies, and after all the objects of the expedition  
were gained in full.  
Frank had no desire to remain longer in the region.  
He was decided to return home at once.  
The Arctic Sea had been crossed and the continent vis-  
ited.  
It would be better to return now before the extremely  
severe Arctic winter should set in.  
"I am very willing and anxious," said Roger.  
"Begorra, it'll seem good to see home onet more, afther  
all," said Barney.  
"I done fink the Darktown people will be jes' glad fo' to  
hear a lecture from dis chile," said Pomp.  
"Forward, then!" cried Frank. "Back to the Explorer  
and then we are off!"  
All set out rapidly.  
It was not long before they came again in sight of the big  
river.

But just as they came in sight of the copse where their  
armor had been hidden Pomp gave a cry of terror:  
"Fo' de Lor's sake, wud yo' jes' look at dat, Marse  
Frank!"

It was a thrilling sight.

The spot where the armor was hidden had been discovered  
by a dozen of the giant barbarians.

They had the pieces of armor in their hands, and were  
examining them sharply, and jabbering the while.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE END.

It was a thrilling situation for the explorers.

For a moment they stood, overcome with horror.



Of course, it would not be difficult to shoot down the strange men, but Frank did not wish to do this.

He was ever humane, and averse to taking human life unless it was absolutely necessary.

But how were they to get possession of the armor?

It was absolutely necessary to do this to get aboard the Explorer once more.

"Whew!" exclaimed Roger. "Here's a pretty how-do!"

"I should say so!"

"They've got the best of us."

"It seems so!"

"What is to be done?"

This was a question.

But the barbarians proceeded to solve this for themselves.

They began to rip one of the suits of armor literally to pieces.

Frank could not stand this.

He stepped out into view.

"Hey there!" he shouted. "What are you doing there?"

The wild men turned like a flash.

They saw Frank and a wild yell went up from them.

They started for him brandishing their clubs.

"They are coming!" cried Roger.

"Whurroo! Shure, I'll drop wan av thim!" cried Barney.

All threw their rifles to their shoulders, but Frank put up his hand.

"Hold!" he cried. "Don't one of you fire until I give the word."

Then he threw his own rifle to his shoulder and fired.

But the bullet was sent into the air.

The shot had the effect upon the barbarians that Frank had hoped it would.

They halted in terror.

The flash and report was something which they could not understand.

"Now!" cried Frank. "All fire into the air!"

The volley was given.

The deafening report was too much for the barbarians.

They turned and fled incontinently.

"Now!" cried Frank. "Quick!"

All started for the shore.

Barney quickly had his diving suit on.

He plunged into the water.

The barbarians stood at a distance and watched.

The party fired their rifles repeatedly to increase the fright of the foe.

Some time passed.

Then suddenly there was a commotion of the waters.

The submarine boat came to the surface like a cork.

Barney ran it almost up to the shore, and the party clambered aboard.

A parting volley was fired and a cheer given.

Then the Explorer sailed away down the Arctic river to the sea.

Homeward bound!

These were magic words.

The boat kept on across the open Polar Sea, and finally reached the ice barrier.

To the joy of all, an open passage was found, and it did not become necessary for the Explorer to go under the ice.

The voyage homeward proved a propitious one.

When at length the last iceberg faded from view, and the Atlantic tossed about them, all were happy.

Frank Read, Jr.'s, Arctic voyage had been a glowing success.

Not one on board but was in the highest of spirits.

In due course of time Readestown was reached in safety.

The return of the submarine boat marked an epoch in the town's history.

A grand reception was held for the returned explorers.

But the happiest of all was Alexander Harmon.

His greeting to his long-lost son was most intense and warm.

He embraced Frank Reade, Jr., and cried, fervently:

"Oh, you are my best and dearest friend! You have made an old man happy."

But Frank himself was fully as happy in the realization.

The Explorer was stored away to be used upon some future occasion. But Frank Reade, Jr., was not idle.

He at once began to work upon a new invention, which he was resolved should eclipse all previous attempts. His success in this may be learned in a future number of the library.

THE END.

The next number (3) of the "Frank Reade Weekly Magazine" will contain another thrilling story, entitled "FRANK

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